

is troubled by this cl Clytemnestra.  
"i don't like it," she finally says,  
and i waste no time in turning it off,  
because a part of me,  
although my art world has always been that  
of the modern experimental forms,  
does not care for this cl Clytemnestra either,  
at least not in my family's abode.

in a rare interlude of electronic silence,  
my daughter and i build towers and amphitheatres  
of sempiternal blocks  
until bedtime.

PASS THE HEMLOCK, PLEASE

i run into a girl who took  
appreciation of literature from me  
three years ago, and i ask kiddingly  
if the course made her  
a better, wiser, happier, or richer person.

"i'll say this for it," she says;  
"i'm now able to explain why  
i can't stand ernest hemingway."

DON'T DO ME ANY FAVORS

on friday i clean out my pockets  
of quarters and dimes  
because i know she always needs  
extra coins for the laundromat.  
i go get some pizza,  
and the next night some chinese food.

on sunday night when i say,  
"i'm a buck short for the movie  
and don't have time to cash a check,  
she says, "don't talk to me -- i'm broke."

-- Gerald Locklin

Long Beach CA